


*SIXE SMALL, OR PETTY
POEMS, OR ÆGLOGVES, CHO-
sen out of the right famous Sicilian
Poet THEOCRITVS, and tran-
slated into English verse.*




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E. D.)
*Libenter hic, & omnis exantlabitur
Labor, in tua ſpem gratia.*



SIXE
IDILLIA, CHOSEN OV T O F T H E
famous Sicilian Poet T H E O C R I T V S, and
translated into English verse.

T H E V I I I . I D I L L I O N .

Argument.

Menalcas a Shepheard, and Daphnis a Netehearde, two Sicilian lads,
contending who should sing best, pawne the r whistles, and choose
a Gotehearde, to be their Iudge. Who giueth sentence on Daphnis
his side. The thing is imagined to be don in the Ile of Sicily by the Sea
shore. of whose singing, this Idillion is called B V C O L I A S T A E, that is,
Singers of a Neteheards song.

B V C O L I A S T A E .

D A P H N I S . M E N A L C A S . G O T E H E A R D E .



I T H louely Netehearde Daphnis on the hills,
they saie,

Shepehearde Menalcas mett, upon a summers
daie.

Both yuthfull striplings, both had yeallow heades
of heare,

In whistling both, and both in singing skilfull
weare.

Menalcas first, behoulding Daphnis, thus bespake.

M E N A L C A S .

Wilt thou in singing, Netehearde Daphnis, undertake
To strive with me? for I affirme, that at my will
I can thee passe. thus Daphnis aunswerde on the hill.

D A P H N I S .

Whistler Menalcas, thou shalt neuer me excell
In singing, though to death with singing thou shouldst swell.

M E N A L C A S .

Then wilt thou see, and something for the victor wage?

D A P H N I S .

I will both see, and something for the victor gage.

M E N A L C A S .

What therefore shal we payne, that for us maie befit

Bucoliastæ.

DAPHNIS.

Ile pawne a calfe, a wennell lambe laie thou to it.

MENALCAS.

*Ile pawne no lambe, for both my Syre and Mother fell
Are verie hard, and all my sheepe at evne they tell.*

DAPHNIS.

What then? what shall he gaine that winns the victore?

MENALCAS.

*A gallant Whistell which I made with notes thrise three,
Joinde with white waxe, both evne belowe and evne aboue,
This will I laie, my Fathers thinges I will not moue.*

DAPHNIS.

*And I a Whistle haue with notes thrise three arowe,
Joinde with white waxe, both evne aboue, and evne belowe.
I latelie framde it, for this finger yet doth ake
With pricking, which a splinter of a reede did make.
But who shall be our Iudge, and giue vs audience?*

MENALCAS.

*What if we call this Goteheard heere, not far from hence,
Whose dog doth barke harde by the kids? the lustie boies
Did call him, and the Gotchearde came to heare their toies.
The lustie boies did sing, the Gotchearde iudgement gaue.
Menalcas first by lot unto his whistle braue
Did sing a Neteheards song, and Neteheard Daphnis than
Did sing by course, but first Menalcas thus began.*

MENALCAS.

*Yee Groues, and Brookes deuine, if on his reede
Menalcas euer sung a pleasant laie,
Fat me these Lambes; if Daphnis here wil feede
His calves, let him haue pasture toe I praie.*

DAPHNIS.

*Yee pleasant Springs, and Plants, would Daphnis had
As sweete a voice as haue the Nightingales;
Feede me this heard, and if the sheepeheards lad
Menalcas cums, let him haue al the dales.*

MENALCAS.

*Tis euer spring, their meades are euer gaie,
There strowt the bags, their sheepe are fatly fed
Where Daphne cums; go she awaie,
Then both the sheepeheard there, and grasse is ded.*

DAPHNIS.

Bucoliastæ.

DAPHNIS.

*There both the Ewes, and Gotes bring forth their twins,
Their Bees doe fil their hives, their Okes are hie
Where Milo treads; when he awaie begins
To goe, both Neteheard, and the Nete waxe drie.*

MENALCAS.

*O husband of the Gotes! O wood so hie!
O kids, come to this brooke, for he is there;
Thou with the broken hornes, tel Milo shie,
That Proteus kept Sea-calfes, though God he were.*

DAPHNIS.

*Nor Pelops kingdome may I craue, nor gould,
Nor to outrunne the windes upon a lea;
But in this caue Ile sing, with thee in hould,
Eoth looking on my sheepe, and on the sea.*

MENALCAS.

*A tempest marreth trees, and drougt a spring,
Snarcs unto foules, to beastes, netts are a smarte,
Loue spoiles a man. O Ioue, alone his sting
I haue not felt, for thou a louer art.*

*Thus sung these boies by course, with voices strong,
Menalcas then began a latter song.*

MENALCAS.

*Wolfe, spare my kids, and spare my fruitfull sheepe,
And hurt me not, though but a lad these flockes I giue;
Lampur my dog, art thou indeede so sound asleepe?
Thou shouldst not sleepe, while thou art by thy Masters side.
My sheepe, fear not to eate the tender grasse at will,
Nor when it springeth vp againe, see that you faile;
Goe to, and feede apace, and al your bellies fill,
That part your Lambes my haue, and part my milking paille.*

Then Daphnis in his turne sweetly began to sing.

DAPHNIS.

*And me not long agoe faire Daphne wistle eide
As I droue by, and said I was a paragone;
Nor then indeede to her I churlishlie replide,
But looking on the ground, my way stil held I one.
Sweete is a cowcalfes voice, and sweete her breath doth smell,
A butcalse, and a cow doe lowe ful pleasantlie;
Tis sweete in summer by a spring abroad to dwell,*

Bucoliastæ.

Acornes become the Oke, apples the Appletree,
And calves the kine, and kine, the Neieheard much set out.
Thus sung these Yuthes; the Gotehearde thus did ende the dour.

GOTEHEARD.

O Daphnis, what a dulcet mouth, and voice thou hast?
Tis sweeter thee to heare, than honie-combes to tast.
Take thee these pipes, for thou in singing dost excell.
If me a Gotehearde thou wilt teach to sing so well,
This broken horned Goate, on thee bestowe I will,
Which to the verie brimm, she paile doth euer fill.

So then was Daphnis glad, and lept, and clapt his handes,
And danst, as doth a fawne, when by the damm he standes.
Menalcas greeud, the thing his mind did much dismaie,
And sad as Bride he was, upon the marriage daie.
Since then, among the Shepeheards, Daphnis chiefe was had,
And tooke a Nimphe to wife, when he was but a lad.

DAPHNIS his Embleme.

Me tamen urit amor.

MENALCAS his Embleme.

At hæc Daphne forsân probet.

GOTEHEARDES Embleme.

Est minor nemo nisi comparatus.

THE XI. IDILLION.

Argument.

Theocritus wrote this Idillion to Nicias a learned Physition. wherein he sheweth by the example of Polyphemus, a Gyant in Sicilie, of the race of the Cyclopes, who loued the water Nymph Galatea, that ther is no medecine to loueraigne against loue, as is Poetry. Of whose loue-song, as this Idilliõ is termed Cyclops, so he was called Cyclops, because he had but one eie, that stood like a circle in the middelt of his forehead.

CYCLOPS.

O Nicias, there is no other remedie for loue,
With ointing, or with sprinkling on, that euer I could proue,
Beside the Muses nine. this pleasant medsun of the minde
Growes among men, and seems but lre, yet verie hard to finde.
As well as you knowe, who are in Phisicke such a leecher,
And of the Muses so belov'd. the cause of this my speeche,

ACy

Cyclops.

A Cyclops is, who lived heere with vs right welthele,
That anchent Polyphem, when first he loued Galate;
When with a bristled beard, his chin and cheekes first clothed were.
He lov'd her not, with roses, apples, or with curled heare,
But with the Furies rage. al other thinges he little plide.
For often to their fould, from pastures green, without a guide
His sheepe returned home, when all the while he singing laie
In honor of his loue, and on the shore consumed awaie
From morning until night, sicke of the wound, fast by the hart,
Which mighty Venus gaue, and in his liuer stucke the dart.
For which, this remedie he found, that sitting oftentimes
Vpon a rocke, and looking on the Sea, he sung these rimes.
O Galatea faire, why dost thou shun thy louer true?
More tender than a Lambe, more white than cheese when it is new,
More wanton than a calfe, more sharpe than grapes vnripe I finde.
You vse to come, when pleasant sleepe my senses all doe binde.
But you are gone againe, when pleasant sleepe dooth leaue mine eie,
And as a sheep you run, that on the plaine a Wolfe doth spie.
I then began to loue thee, Galate, when first of all
You with my mother came, to gather leaues of Crowtoe small
Vpon our hil, when I as vs her, squirde you all the waie.
Nor when I sawe thee first, nor afterward, nor at this daie,
Since then could I refraine; but you, by Ioue, nought set thereby.
But well I knowe, fair Nimphe, the verie cause why you thus flie.
Because vpon my front, one onlie brow, with bristles strong
From one eare to the other eare, is stretched al along.
Neithe which, one eie, and on my lips a hugie nose there standes.
Yet I, this such a one, a thousand sheep feed on these lands.
And pleasant milke I drinke, which from the strouting bags is prest.
Nor want I cheese in summer, nor in Autumne of the best,
Nor yet in winter time. my cheese-rackes euer laden are,
And better can I pipe, than anie Cyclops maie compare.
O Apple sweet, of thee, and of my selfe, I vse to sing,
And that at midnight oft. for thee, a leaue faunes up I bring,
All great with young, & foure beares whelps, I nourish up for thee.
But come thou hither first, and thou shalt haue them all of me.
And let the blewish colorde Sea beat on the shore so nie.
The night with me in caue, thou shalt consume more pleasantie.
There are the shadie Baies, and there tall Cypres-trees doe sprouts,
And there is Iuie blacke, and fertill Vines are al about.

Cyclops.

Coole water there I haue, distilled of the whitest snowe,
 A drinke deuine, which out of wooddy *Ætna* mount doth flowe.
 In these respects, who in the Sea & waues would rather be?
 But if I seeme as yet, too rough and sauage vnto thee,
 Great store of Oken woode I haue, and neuer quenched fire;
 And I can well indure my soule to burne with thy desire,
 With this my onely eie, then which I nothing thinke more trimme.
 Now woe is me, my mother bore me not with finns to swimme,
 That I might diue to thee, that I thy dainty hand might kisse,
 If lips thou wouldst not let; then would I Lillies bring I wis,
 And tender Poppie toe, that beares a top like rattells red.
 And these in summer time, but other are in winter bred,
 So that I cannot bring them all at once. now certainlie,
 Ile learne to swimme of some or other stranger passing bie,
 That I maie knowe what pleasure tis in waters deepe to dwell.
 Come forth, faire Galate, and once got out, forget thee well
 (As I doe sitting on this rocke) home to retorne againe.
 But feede my sheepe with me, & for to milke them take the paine,
 And cheese to presse, and in the milke, the rennet sharpe to straine. }
 My mother only wrongeth me, and her I blame, for shee
 Spake neuer yet to thee, one good or louelie worde of me,
 And that, although shee daily sees, how I awaie doe pine.
 But I will saie my head and feete doe ake, that shee maie whine
 And sorrowe at the hart, because my hart with grieve is swolne.
 O Cyclops, Cyclops, whither is thy wit and reason flowne?
 If thou wouldst baskets make, and cut downe browning from the tree,
 And bring it to thy Lambes, a great deale wiser thou shouldst be?
 Goe coie some present Nimphe, why dost thou follow flying wind?
 Perhaps an other Galate, and fairer thou shalt find.
 For manie maidens in the euening tide with mee will plaie,
 And all doe sweetlie laugh, when I stand harkning what they saie, }
 And I some bodie seeme, and in the earth doe beare a swaie.
 Thus Polyphemus singing, fed his raging loue of ould,
 Wherein he sweeter did, than had he sent her summes of gould.

POLYPHEM'S Embleme.

Vbi Dictamum inueniam?

THE

THE XVI. IDILLION.

Argument.

The stile of this Poeme is more loftie than anie of the rest, & Theocritus wrote it to Hieroking of Siracuse in Sicily. Wherein hee reprooueth the nigardise of Princes and great men, towards the learned, and namelie Poets, in whose power it is, to make men famous to all posterity. Towards the end he praiseth Hiero, and praieth that Sicilie may be deliuered, by his prowes, from the inuasion of the Carthagineans. This Idillion is named Hiero, in respect of the Person to whome it was written, or Charites, that is Graces, in respect of the matter whercof it treateth.

CHARITES, or HIERO.

POETS haue still this care, and stil the Muses haue this care
To magnifie the Gods with songes, and men that worthy are.
The Muses they are Goddeses, and Gods with praise they crowne,
But we are mortall men, and mortall men let vs renowne.
But who of all the men, under the cope of heauen that dwell,
By opening of his dores, our Graces entertaines so well,
That unrewarded quite he dothe not sende them back agayne?
Thay in a chafe, all barefoote home to me retorne with paine,
And me they greatly blame, & that they went for nought, they grutch,
And all to weary, in the bottome of an empty hutch,
Laying there heades vpon there knees full colde, they still remaine,
Where they doe poorely dwell, because they home returnde in vaine.
Of all that liuing are, who loues a man that speaketh well?
I knowe not one; for now a daies for deedes that doe excell,
Men care not to be prayse. But all are ouercum with gaine.
For euery man looks rounde, with hand in bosome, whence amaine }
Coyne hee may get, whose rust rubde off, he wil not giue againe. }
But strait way thus he says; the legge is further then the knee,
Let me haue goulde inough, the Gods to Poets paie their fee.
Who would an other heere? Inough for all, one Homer is.
Of Poets he is prince, yet getts he nought of me I wis.

Mad men, what gaine is this to hoorde vp baggs of goulde within?
This is not monyes vse, nor hath to wise men euer bin.
But part is due vnto our selues, part to the Poets pen,
And many kinsfolkes must be pleased, and many men,
And often to the Gods thou must doe solleme sacrifice.
Nor must thou keep a sparing house, but when in frendlie wise
Thou hast receiued strangers at thy boorde, when they will thence.

Let them depart, but cheefely Poets must thou reuerence.
 That after thou art hidden in thy graue, thou maist heere well,
 Nor basely maist thou mourne, when thou in Acharon dost dwell;
 Like to sum ditcher vile, whose handes with worke are harde & drie,
 Who from his parentes poore, bewailes his life in beggerie.
 In king Antiochus his Court, and king Aleuas toe,
 To distribute the monthly bred, a many had to doe.
 The Scopodans had many droues of calves, which in their stales
 Mong Oxen lowde, and shepeheardes kept in the Cranonian dales
 Infinite flockes, to beare the hospital Creondan's charge.
 No pleasure should these men enioy, of their expenses large,
 When on their soules they had embarkt in the infernal Barge,
 But leauing all this wealth behind, in wretched miserie,
 Among the dead, without renoune, for euer they shoulde lie,
 Had not Simonides, the Chian Poet with his pen,
 And with his Lute of many stringes, so famous made these men
 To all posteritie. the verie horses are renoun'd,
 Which from their races swift return'd, with olife garlandes crounde.
 Who euer shoulde haue knowne the Lician Princes, and their race,
 Or them of Troie, or Cignus with his womans color'd face,
 Had not the Poets sung the famous warrs of them of oulde?
 Nor yet Vlysses (who for ten yeeres space, on Seas was roulde
 By sundry sorts of men, and who at last went downe to Hell
 As yet aliue, and from the Cyclops den escaped well)
 Had got such lasting fame; and drounde should lie in silence deepe
 Swinehearde Eumæus, and Philætiüs, who had to keepe
 A hearde of Nete; Laertes eke him selfe had bin unknowne,
 Jffar and wide their names, great Homers verses had not blowne.
 Immortal fame to mortal men the Muses nine do giue.
 But deade mens wealth is spent, and quite consunne of them that liue.
 But all one paine it is, to number waues vpon the bankes,
 Wherof great store, the winde from Sea, doth blowe to lande in rankes,
 Or for to wash a brick with water cleere, till it be white,
 As for to moue a man, whome auarice doth ons delite.
 Therefore adue to such a one for me, and let him haue
 Huge siluer heapes at will, and more and more still let him craue;
 But I, Goodwil of men, and Honor wil prefer, before
 A many Mules of prise, or many horses kept in store.
 Therefore I aske, to whom shall I be welcome with my traine
 Of Muses nine? whose waies are hard, if Ioue guides not the raine.

Charites or Hiero.

The heauens yet haue not left toroule both monthes & yeares on
And many horses yet, shal turne about the Charret wheeles; [reeles,
The man shall rise, that shall haue neede of me, to set him out,
Doing such deeds of armes, as Ajax, or Achilles stoute
Did in the field of Simois, where Ilus bones doe rest.
And now the Carthaginians, inhabiting the West,
Who in the utmost ende of Liby dwell, in armes are prest;
And now the Syracusians their speares doe carrie in the rest.
Whose left-armes laden are, with targets made of willoe tree.
Mongst whom, king Hiero, the anchent Worthies match, I see
In armour shine, whose plume doth ouersshade his helmet bright.

O Iupiter, and thou Minerva fierce in fight,
And thou Proserpina, who with thy mother, hast renowne
By Lysimelia streames, in Ephya that wealthy towne,
Out of our Iland drive our enemies, our bitter fate,
Along the Sardine Sea, that death of friends they maie relate
Vnto their children and their wines, and that the townes opprest
By enemies, of th' old inhabitants maie be possesst;
That they maie till the fields, and sheepe vpon the downes maie bleste
By thousandes infinite, and fat, and that the heardes of Nete
As to their stalles they goe, maie presse the lingring traueler.
Let groundes be broken up for seede, what time the Grashopper
Watching the shepheards by their flocks, in boughs close singing lies;
And let the Spiders spread their slender webs in armories,
So that of warr, the verie name maie not be heard againe.
But let the Poets staine, king Hieros glorie for to straine
Beyond the Scythian Sea, & far beyond those places, where
Semiramis did build those statelie walles, and rule did beare.
Mongst whom, I will be one; for manie other men beside
Ioue daughters loue, whose studie still shal be, both far and wide
Sicilian Arethusa, with the people, to aduance,
And warlike Hiero. Yee Graces, who keepe resistance
In the Thessalian mount Orchomenus, to Thebs of olde
So hateful, though of you beloude, to staie I wil be bolde,
Where I am bid to come, and I with them will stil remaine,
That shall inuite me to their house, with all my Muses traine.
Nor you will I forsake; for what to men can louelie be
Without your companie? the Graces alwaies be with me.

Embleme.

Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.

THE

THE XVIII. IDILLION.

Argument.

Twelue noble Spartane Virgins are brought in singing in the euening at the chamber doore of Menelaus and Helena, on their wedding daie. And first they prettily iest with the Bridegroom, then they praise Hellen, lastly they wish them both ioie of their marriage. Therefore this Idilliō is entituled Hellen's Epithalamion, that is, Hellen's wedding song.

HELLEN'S Epithalamion.

IN Sparta long agoe, where Menelaus wore the crowne,
Twelue noble Virgins, daughters to the greatest in the towne,
All dight vpon their haire in Crowtoe garlands fresh and greene,
Danst at the chamber doore of Helena the Queene,
What time this Menelay, the younger Sonne of Atreus,
Did marry with this louely daughter of Prince Tyndarus.
And therewithal at eve, a wedding song they iointly sung,
With such a shuffling of their feet, that all the Pallace rung.

Fair Bridegrome, do you sleep? hath slumber al your lims possesst?
What, are you drowsie? or hath wine your bodie so opprest
That you are gone to bed? for if you needes would take your rest,
You should haue tane a season meete. meane time, till it be daie
Suffer the Bride with vs, and with her mother deere to plaie.
For, Menelaus, shee at euening and at morning tide,
From daie to daie, and yeare to yeare shall be thy louing Bride.
O happie Bridegrome, sure some honest man did sneeze to thee
When thou to Sparta came, to meete with such a one as shee.
Among the demi-gods thou only art accounted meete
To be the Sonne in lawe of Ioue; for vnderneath one sheete
His daughter lies with thee. of al that tread on ground with feet
There is not such a one in Greece. now sure sum goodlie thing
Shee will thee beare, if it be like the mother that shee bring.
For we her peeres in age, whose course of life is eue the same,
Who at Eurotas streames, like men are oiled to the game,
And foure times sixtie maides, of all the weemen youth we are,
Of these none wants a fault, if her with Hellen we compare.
Like as the rising Morning shewes a gratefull lightening,
When sacred night is past, and winter now lets loose the spring;
So glittering Hellen shinde among the maides, lustie and tal;
As is the furrowe in a field that far out-stretcheth al,
Or in a garden is a Cypres-tree, or in a trace
A steede of Thessalie, so shee to Sparta was a grace.
No damsell with such workes as shee, her baskets vnde to fill,

Hellens Epithalamion.

Nor in a diuerse color'd web, a woofe, of greater skill
 Doth cut off from the loome, nor anie hath such songs and laies
 Vnto her daintie harpe, in Dians and Minervas praise
 As Hellen hath, in whose bright eies, all Loues and Graces be.
 O faire, ô louelie maide, a matrone now is made of thee.
 But wee wil euerie spring, vnto the leaues in meadowes goe,
 To gather Garlands sweete, and there not with a little woe
 Will often thinke of thee, O Hellen, as the sucking Lamms
 Desire the strouting baggs, and presence of their tender damms.
 We all betimes for thee, a wreath of Melitoe will knit,
 And on a shadie Plane, for thee will safelie fasten it.
 And all betimes for thee, under a shadie Plane below,
 Out of a siluer boxe the sweetest ointment will bestowe.
 And letters shall bee written in the barke, that men maie see,
 And reade, Doe humble reuerence, for I am Hellens tree.

Sweete Bride, good night, & thou, O happy Bridegroom, now good
 Latona send you happie issue, who is most of might (night,
 In helping youth, and blisfull Venus send you equall loue
 Bitwixt you both, and Ioue giue lasting riches from aboue,
 Which from your noble selues, vnto your noble impes may fall.
 Sleepe on, and breath into your breasts desiers mutuall.
 But in the morning wake, forget it not in anie wise.
 And we wil then returne as soone as anie one shall rise,
 And in the chamber stir, and first of all lift up the hed.
 Hymen, O Hymen, now be glad some at this marriage bed.
 Embleme.

Vsq; adeo latet utilitas.

THE XXI. IDILLION.

Argument.

A Neteheard is brought in chafing, that Eunica a maid of the cittie dis-
 dained to kisse him. Wherby it is thought that Theocritus seemeth
 to checke them, that thinke this kinde of writing in Poetry, to be too
 base & rustical. And therefore this Poeme is termed Neteheard.

NETEHEARDE.

EVNICA skorned me, when her I would haue sweetly kist,
 And railing at me said, goe with a mischief where thou list.
 Thinkst thou a wretched Neteheard mee to kisse? I haue no will
 After the Countrie guise to smouch, of Cittie lips I skill.
 My louely mouth, so much as in thy dreame thou shalt not touch.

Netehearde.

How dost thou look? How dost thou talke? How plaieſt thou the ſlouch?
How daintilie thou ſpeakſt? What courting words thou bringeſt out?
Howe ſoft a beard thou haſt? How faire thy locks hang round about?
Thy lips are like a ſickmans lips, thy hands, ſo black they be,
And rankely thou doſt ſmel, awaie, leaſt thou defileſt me.

Having thus ſed, ſhee ſpatterd on her boſome twiſe or thrife,
And ſtill beholding me from top to toe, in ſhorneſul wiſe,
She mutterd with her lips, and with her eies ſhe lookte aſide,
And of her beutie wondrous coy ſhe was, her mouth ſhe wride,
And proudly mockt me to my face. my blud boild in each vaine,
And red I woxe for griefe, as doth the roſe with dewye raine.
Thus leauing me, awaie ſhe ſlung; ſince when, it vexeth me,
That I ſhould be ſo ſkornde, of ſuch a filthie drab as ſhe.

Ye Shepheards, tel me true, am I not fair as any ſwan?
Hath of a ſodaine anie God, made me another man?
For well I wote before, a cumlie grace in me did ſhine,
Like Iuy round about a tree, and dekt this bearde of mine.
My criſped lockes, like Parſlie on my temples wont to ſpred,
And on my eiebrowes black, a milke white forhed gliſterd.
More ſeemelie were mine eies, than are Minervaſ eies I know.
My mouth for ſweetneſſe paſſed cheeſe, and from my mouth did flow
A voice more ſweete than hunniecombes. Sweete is my rundelaie,
When on the whiſtle, flute, or pipe, or corner I doe plaie.
And all the weemen on our hills, doe ſaie that I am faire,
And al do loue me well. But theſe that breath the citty aire
Did neuer loue me yet. And why? The cauſe is this I know,
That I a Neteheard am. They heare not, how in vales below
Faire Bacchus kept a heard of beaſtes; nor can theſe nice ones tell,
How Venus rauiſing for a Neteheardſ loue, with him did dwell
Vpon the hills of Phrygia, and how ſhe loude againe
Adoniſ in the woods, and mournde in woods, when hee was ſlaine.
What was Endymion? Was he not a Neteheard? Yet the Moone
Did loue this Neteheard ſo, that from the heauens deſcending ſoone,
She came to Lamos groue, where with the daintie lad ſhe laie.
And Rhea, thou a Neteheard doſt bewaile, and thou al daie
O mightie Iupiter, but for a Shepheardſ boie didſt ſtraie.
Eunica only dained not, a Neteheard for to loue.
Better forſooth then Cybel, Venus, or the Moone aboue.
And Venus, thou hereafter muſt not loue thy faire Adone
In cittie, nor on hill, but al the night muſt ſleepe alone.

Embleme.

Habitantur Dij quoq; Sylvas.

THE XXXI. IDILLION.

Argument.

The conceit of this Idillion is verie delicate. Wherein it is imagined, how Venus did send for the Bore, who in hunting flew Adonis, a daintie yuth, whom she loued; And how the Bore aunswering for himselfe, that he flew him against his wil, as beeing inamored on him, & thinking onlie to kisse his naked thigh, she forgau him. The Poets drift is, to shew the power of loue, not onlie in men, but also in brute beasts. Although in the two last verses, by the burning of the Bores amorous teeth, he intimateth, that extrauagant and vnorderly passions, are to be restrained by reason.

ADONIS.

<p>WHEN VENUS first did see, Adonis dead to be, With woeful tattered heare, And cheekes so wan and seare, The winged Loues she bad, The Bore should straight be had. Forthwith like birdes they flie, And through the wood they hie. The woefull beast they finde, And him with cordes they binde. One with a rope before, Doth lead the captiue Bore. Another on his backe, Doth make his bow to cracke. The beast went wretchedly, For Venus horribly Hee fearde, who thus him curst. Of all the beasts the wurst, Didst thou this thigh so wounde? Didst thou my Loue confounde? The beast thus spake in feare; Venus, to thee I sweare, By thee, and husband thine,</p>	<p>And by these bands of mine, And by these hunters all, Thy husband faire and tall, I minded not to kill, But as an image still, I him beheld for loue, Which made me forward shoue, His thigh, that naked was, Thinking to kisse alas. And that hath hurt me thus. Wherefore these teeth, Venus, Or punish, or cut out. Why beare I in my snout, These needlesse teeth about? If this maie not suffise, Cut off my chaps likewise. To ruth he Venus moues, And she commands the Louer, His bands for to untie. After, he came not nie The wood, but at her wil, He followde Venus still. And cumming to the fire, He burnt up his desire.</p>
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Embleme.

*Raris forma uiris, secula prospice,
Impunita fuit.*

FINIS.